

THE REPUBLICAN.

Devoted to Literature, News of the Day, Agriculture, and Important Local Intelligence, Etc.

VOLUME VII.

MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

NUMBER 48.

SAVE MONEY! PATRONIZE

CHAS. PELANZE'S

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

Maryville, Tennessee.

Keep constantly on hand, and make to order, every variety of Furniture, from the cheapest to the finest and most elegant styles. Coffins made to order and kept constantly on hand. Give me a trial. All work warranted to be as represented. Prices cheap for cash. Salesroom and factory first door north of C. Hatter's tin shop.

W. W. Lawrence,

MANUFACTURER OF

BOOTS, SHOES, SADDLES, SOLE LEATHER,

UPPER LEATHER.

Harness Leather, Kip Skins, etc.,

Springfield, Tennessee,

(Two Miles Northeast of Maryville.)

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Notions, etc.

Cash paid for Hides, at advanced prices, delivered at my Yard.

GEO. A. TOOLE,

MARYVILLE, TENN.

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

ESSENTIAL OILS, GUMS,

SPONGES, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY,

PATENT MEDICINES, ETC.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Filled.

W. J. BETTERTON & BRO.,

Knoxville, Tennessee.

Distillers,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Whiskies, Brandies, and Wines

As they make their own whiskies, they know them to be perfectly PURE. They often are the trade their

CORN WHISKY,

WHITE RYE WHISKY,

SILVER SPRAY WHISKY.

—AND—

XXXX Roane County Whisky.

These whiskies go through a process of purification peculiar to their own manufacture, and they confidently recommend them, even for medicinal purposes, as equal to any whiskies that are made.

W. F. CUMMINS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

PIANOS, ORGANS, MUSICAL

INSTRUMENTS,

SHEET MUSIC,

MUSIC BOOKS, &C.

93 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

Violin Strings a Specialty.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

The Travels of St. Anthony of Padua.

Curiously enough, the missing fragment of Marryllo's "Appearance of the Infant Christ to St. Anthony of Padua" has turned up in New York. The principal figure was cut out from the picture, brought to this city and sold for \$250 to a Broadway picture-dealer. Fortunately the dealer knew the work and was able to secure it at once, and he has honorably turned it over to the representative of the Spanish government residing in this city. The

J. M. LANCASTER,

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRER.

Knoxville, Tenn.,

[WEST SIDE MARKET SQUARE.]

Persons from Blount county, while in the city, wanting anything

DONE IN MY LINE,

are invited to give me a call.

CHARGES MODERATE.

All work Warranted, if Desired.

original theft was, most likely, committed at Seville by some of the Spanish handitti and sent to this country in charge of comrades. It seems to have got into the country without detection by custom officers by being packed in small compass. In a damaged condition it has at last been rescued, and St. Anthony of Padua, after more adventures than usually fall to the lot of his associates in the calendar, will find his way back to the shrine from which he was torn by sacrilegious hands.

IN AN HOUR.

ANTICIPATION.
"I'll take the orchard path," she said,
Speaking lowly, smiling slowly:
The brook was dried within its bed,
The hot sun flung a flame of red
Low in the west as forth she sped.

Across the dried brook-course she went,
Singing lowly, smiling slowly:
She scarcely saw the sun that spelt
It's fiery force in swift descent—
She never saw the wheat was bent.

The grasses parched, the blossoms dried,
Singing lowly, smiling slowly:
Her eyes amidst the droughts and dews
A summer pleasure far and wide,
With roses and sweet violets piled.

DISAPPOINTMENT.
But homeward coming all the way,
Sighing lowly, pacing slowly:
She knew the best wheat withering lay,
She saw the blossoms dry decay,
She missed the brook's play.

A breeze had sprung from out the south,
But, sighing lowly, pacing slowly:
Her eyes were hot, and parched her mouth:
Yet sweet the wind blew from the south!

And when the wind brought welcome rain,
Still sighing lowly, pacing slowly:
She never saw the lifting grain,
But only a long orchard lane,
Where she had waited all in vain!

—Nora Perry.

THE CRACK IN THE DOOR.

The prettiest house, prettiest garden, the best servants, and the largest bank account in X. belonged to Mrs. Melitable Armstrong, widow. Some people also declared that she was the prettiest woman in X., but these were not the other women. They said that she had red hair, and was too fat, and what the gentlemen saw to admire in her they could not guess, etc., etc.; but, say it as often as they might, every man in the place was Hetty Armstrong's devoted servant, friend, and, a dozen of them, her lovers, also. A bright, dashing, warm-hearted woman she was, as merry as though she had never known a care. Not that she had forgotten the love of her youth—the gallant, black-eyed captain, whose ship had gone down in mid-ocean five years before, and whose pictured face lay near her heart eight and day, sleeping and waking; but she was too full of life and hope to live entirely in the past, and loved neither hours of melancholy, nor what women call "a good cry." To forget all sorrow, if she could, and to be as happy as she might, were the two grand rules of her life, and, therefore, people who did not know Hetty Armstrong thought her heartless, and made a great mistake.

They called her a flirt, and that was not true, either. She only flirted with those who began the game first, and that a woman had a right to do. At X., if a gentleman called twice upon a lady, his attentions were said to be "very particular;" if he saw her home from meeting, rumor declared that they were "engaged;" and if he spent an evening with her, they were "to be married next week;" for certainty; but Hetty Armstrong was somehow not included in the general rule. She had determined to do as she chose. She went everywhere with every unmarried gentleman of her set. She was friendly when she chose to be, and flirted when she liked. After setting gossip afloat a dozen times, she gained her point, and people left her alone. It was Hetty Armstrong's way, and no indication of matrimonial intentions. For years gentlemen haunted her parlors, escorted her hither and thither, snuggled with her, danced with her, confided with her, and adored her, and village gossip had not married her, until suddenly a stranger made his debut at X., and set the tongues going beyond even Hetty Armstrong's power of silencing.

He was tall, he was handsome, he was comparatively young. He had just that touch of exquisite about him which is so charming when "a man's a man for a' that;" faultless in toilet, faultless in manner, education, accomplished altogether, he openly flung himself at Hetty Armstrong's feet and declared himself her admirer. Of course we do not mean to say that he ruined the knees of his faultless habiliments by going down upon them, or in any other way conducted himself as did the knights of old when heart-smitten, but, after the manner of the nineteenth century he declared his intentions quite as openly.

He sang to and at the lady. He haunted her parlors like a well-dressed ghost. He wrote poetry for the "Luminary," addressed to H. A. and signed C. R. He breathed deep sighs and gave soft glances, and said things that might have double meanings. And this not for a week or a month, but for a year, at the end of which time Hetty Armstrong began to understand that she was expected by everybody to accept Charles Rokewood when he offered her his heart and hand. Meanwhile, the soft eyes and sweet voice, the delicate attentions, and the winning songs

of her admirer were not without their effect upon Hetty Armstrong's heart. It began to be conscious of certain tremors and flutterings in his presence. Her cheeks flushed as they had in girlhood. Her dreams were not the sober, practical dreams which nature at five-and-twenty should alone indulge in; and as the days rolled on she felt more conscious that the "Yes" which was expected of her would be easily uttered.

She tried to be prudent and judge the matter carefully. The result was that she decided him to be "an angel." At last Hetty Armstrong fairly let go of the rudder of self-will, to which he had clung so long, and allowed herself to drift down the tide of circumstances which were to lead her into the arms of Charles Rokewood. She felt that life would be happy with such a bosom to repose upon, and began to wonder whether it really was necessary for a widow to be married in pearl color when white was so becoming to her complexion.

So matters stood when Christmas drew near, and with it Hetty Armstrong's regular Christmas eve party. All X., or nearly all, would be there; even the Rev. Luther Paragon, who amiably forgot to say that he disapproved of dancing and charades when Mrs. Armstrong declared that "she adored them." It was always the merriest party of the season at X., and this time Mrs. Armstrong decided that she would outdo herself. There was a dash more of coquetry in her dress; a dash of extravagance in the supper; a glitter of rare China, and a perfume of rare flowers in the parlors—just as they say wine warms up the wits and fancy does love at times. All things would be brighter, fresher, more sparkling, just now, thought, or rather vaguely felt, the woman who had just begun to know her heart, and thought she knew another's.

She stood, in her rich dress of lace and silk, flowers in her hair and on her bosom, before her guests arrived, before her grate fire in the parlor, when some one touched her on the shoulder, and, turning, she saw Charles Rokewood.

Her face was a little paler, her eyes more earnest in their look than usual, and a sort of happy terror hung upon her as she guessed why he had come so early.

"I knew I should find you also," he said, "and I have something to say to you;—something—"

There she stopped him. "Don't say it now," she pleaded. "I have an evening before me which calls for all my calmness. If it is anything agitating, I—I must ask you to wait. After these guests of mine are gone—"

Charles Rokewood bowed. "Your will shall be my law," he said, and took her hand and kissed it. She let him do it, blushing all the while, not caring now to look at him.

All the evening, after the other guests were there, her thoughts wandered back to that moment. She knew what she would say, and she could answer only in one way—only one—she liked him so well.

"And I have felt so sure I could never like any one again," thought Hetty Armstrong. "There is fate in it."

But she danced and sung and talked as usual, and no one guessed that was what she was dreaming—not even Mr. Rokewood, who, with a chosen friend, had slipped away from the parlors, and was smoking and talking in the dressing-room. He was a little out of sorts. Hetty, conscious of her duties as a hostess, insisted on being public property, and could not be lured into a tete-a-tete, and the women who were ready to be talked to he did not care about. Engaged men are generally known by their boorish conduct to ladies generally. Rokewood, although not engaged, believed himself far enough on the road to forget snarling, and fell back upon cigars and his masculine friends whenever his lady-love could not be whispered to or gazed at.

Consequently damsels who thought Rokewood charming were wondering what had become of him, when Biddy, the waitress, mysteriously beckoned her mistress into the hall, and, in an awful whisper, said "more spoons were needed for the crame."

"Of course there must be," said Mrs. Armstrong. "Where was my poor head to go for it? I'll get up stairs Aunt Martha's set from my upstairs china closet. Please wait on the stairs until I come to you."

And away ran Mrs. Armstrong to the second floor, where she plunged into long, old-fashioned closets, and brought forth a legacy of silverware left her by her mother. Counting the spoons

over, a murmur of voices from the next room fell upon her ear. At the same time she caught the perfume of a cigar. She knew that Charles Rokewood had the richest voice and smoked the best cigars of any man in his set.

"You dear old fellow," she whispered to herself, "I have been so cross to you to-night that some day I'll be as kind to you as I can to make up for it." Then, with a loving woman's wish to see the dear face that is so dear to her, she stepped forward and peeped through a crack in the door of the china closet opening into the little sewing room, devoted for this evening to the gentlemen's toilet. Every word was plainly audible when her pretty ear approached so closely to the crevice, and the first word riveted her attention. The men were talking of matrimony.

"It's a dancin' bore," said his friend. "You are tied to a woman's apron strings for life. You can't say your soul is your own. Take my advice and keep out of it altogether, Charles."

"Look here, old fellow," said Charles, taking his cigar from between his lips, "that sort of a thing is all a man's fault. Now, when I marry, my first act will be to prove myself master. As you begin, so you go on, and, before the honeymoon is over the woman who takes my name shall know that my word is law, and that hers must yield to it."

The spoons in Mrs. Armstrong's hands tingled together just then, but no one heard them. Charles went on:

"My wife, if I have one, shall have no chance to show her temper. If she does not like my orders she must obey without liking. I'll break her in just as I would a horse—bring her down at once to the frame of mind I mean to keep her in; purposely thwart her for a while; contradict her; object to style of dress; make her alter her way of doing her hair; refuse to dance attendance at church; make her send regrets to party invitations when she wants to accept them; show her at once what she may expect. After a while I might yield a little more; but because, you understand—not to please her."

"Y-e-s," said his friend, doubtfully; "but you can't think how hard you'll find it; and if you stay out late they make such a row—sit up for you in a night-cap, and cry when you come in." "I'd manage that," said Rokewood, "by staying out every night until daylight. The one rule I should put in practice would be—never let the woman have her own way."

The spoons tingled a little more, and Mrs. Armstrong's face was terribly flushed, but she listened still.

"Of course you yield a great deal to the woman you are in love with," said Mr. Rokewood, evidently brushing the ashes from the cigar; "but that's because of the romance and all that sort of nonsense, which dies out with the honeymoon. You can find women enough to write poetry to, and to talk sentiment with, married or single. As for your wife, she's the woman that keeps house for you, and the sooner you make her aware of the fact the better. When I marry, Jones, my dear fellow, it will be with no idiotic idea of perpetual courtship in my mind. I'll begin as I intend to go on, and be master, depend upon it."

"But not my master," whispered pretty Mrs. Armstrong, "not mine."

"Mistress Armstrong, then, spoons," whispered Biddy, at the stairs just then.

Hetty Armstrong gathered up the spoons which had slipped down into her lap. She looked at them as she did so. They were solid and elegant, as was all her silver. Her eyes glanced about the room, which wealth and taste had made the perfection of elegance and comfort. Her room! She heard down stairs the merry chat of her guests, the sound of music and dancing. She remembered that in the kitchen her servants were making ready a supper fit for a king. She turned to the mirror; a handsome woman, still young and elegantly dressed, looked proudly back. An hour before all this, the woman included, she would have given to Charles Rokewood had been a beggar. Just a twinge of pain went through her heart. One tear stole down her glowing cheek. Then she gave a little bitter laugh.

"I alone am queen of me!" she misquoted, and ran out to give the spoons to Biddy.

"It was hard to find them," she said, "but here they are at last."

And she laughed a little louder than usual, and not quite naturally.

It was the merriest Christmas party of them all, said every one of her guests, and Hetty Armstrong seemed so merriest there. But no one saw her when the door was closed upon them, and she was alone in her chamber. No matter how brief a fore-dream

has been, the awakening is hard, especially if it is sudden.

Hetty Armstrong refused Charles Rokewood the next day, and the people who guessed it blamed her bitterly. As for Charles himself he was amazed, and injured, and deeply grieved, for he never guessed that his lecture on married life had a second auditor; nor that Hetty would have said "Yes" instead of "No," but for that crack in the China closet.

The Military Infatuation.

Just now Europe is suffering from one of her periodical military infatuations. Everybody predicts war. All the cabinets prognosticate hostilities. Business is depressed and stocks decline, and an indefinable feeling of insecurity and dread fills the air. But when the inquiry is pressed beyond these superficial aspects of the situation it is hard to discover any tangible and satisfactory reasons for the foreboding. The ghost in a single closet does not account for the universal scare.

The only facts that as yet have come to the surface are that Germany, knowing that France feels her humiliation and chafes under it and may some day endeavor to offset the recollection of Sedan, has increased her army to a million and three-quarters of men. All the reserves of the empire are drawn upon to the utmost to put the available military forces into training for a possible contingency. The experience of the late struggle as to the value of particular arms and methods of operation is being utilized, and the nation has been increased and made more efficient. But Germany has no foreign foe, and no quarrel on hand. Any immediate war with France is out of the question. Trouble with Russia she may have provided she provokes it. Trouble she may have with Italy and Spain and France if she attempts to bully the college of Cardinals into electing a German Pope. And she may have trouble with England and Russia if she insists on absorbing Denmark. But there is no legitimate occasion for war and no reason for this enormous increase of her army. The other nations have naturally enough taken alarm, and begun to increase their armies and navies too, simply because Germany has increased hers, and to-day Europe has larger military establishments than ever before in a time of peace. The possession of the instrument is a temptation to use it, and such splendidly equipped and thoroughly drilled armies are a constant provocation. Considering the poverty of Europe, the oppressiveness of taxes, the degradation and suffering of the lower classes in every nation, these enormous military establishments are terrible perversions of power and property. It is only necessary to think of the industrial forces represented by a million and three-quarters of men in the most productive period of life to see what a drain Germany is making on the resource of the nation. And yet every soldier has to be supported by the productive energies of the young and old, the lame and the infirm, the women and the children! We have a great deal to complain of, but it is matter for congratulation that we have no great army to support and no military infatuation.

Weather Signs.

A French naturalist has recently grouped, for public convenience, a number of his observations upon animals, showing that many members of the brute creation may be useful as living barometers. Rain or wind, he says, may be expected when the spiders shorten the last thread by which their webs are suspended; fair weather when they lengthen them; and the duration of either by the degree of contraction or expansion observable. When swallows sweep near the ground, uttering plaintive cries, rain is at hand; when they mount up, fly from side to side, and play together, fine weather will follow. When a single magpie leaves its nest in the spring it is a sign of rain, but the reverse is the case when two parent birds leave it in company. Rain is near when the peacocks utter frequent cries, when parrots chatter more than usual, and when geese are uneasy.

A WEE-BIT girl in Casco, Wis., while at the breakfast table, a few mornings since, made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity of that nourishing article, she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed: "Well, give me a buttered toast and send for the doctor."